

5 MEN ^{PLUS} 1 DROID ^{PLUS} 1 ALIEN ^{PLUS} 1 PANTHER ^{EQUALS?}

PROG 437
28 SEPT 85

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24p
EARTH
MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

FEATURING **JUDGE DREDD**

**MAXIMUM
KILL-POINTS!**

**NEW
THRILL!**



THE FUTURE OF
EARTH IS IN
THEIR HANDS

MEAN TEAM

NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS,

This is the most exciting comic in the universe. Why? "Is it," you ask yourselves, "the simply scroting stories that take us to new heights of thrill-power?" No. "Is it then the series of incredible freebies to be given away," you go on, "the Raleigh Vektor Electronic bikes?" Wrong again. "Is this" — one last try — "is this the most exciting comic we have ever seen because of the circuit-shattering scan of *Judge Dredd* and *Satanus*?" No, Terrans, that's not the reason. All of these things are truly ghafflebette, but what makes this prog so special is the unveiling of my zarjaz new thrill...the product of months of hard droid labour...the story that breaks through the thrill-barrier...*Mean Team!*

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

THARG

Drawn by Earthlet C. Cameron-Fisher.
£10 Winner if we ever receive his full address.

13
637/8412-3651
637/
2042
1911
251

ANDERSON — LONG
DIVISION



A VIEW TO A THRILL

Drawn by Earthlet Alan O'Hare, North Harrow. £10 Winner.



MEAT PIE MANOEUVRES

Dear Tharg,

I'm writing to inform you of an idea that came to mind the other day. A while ago, my *Rogue Trooper* T-shirt suffered a direct hit from a meat pie lightly coated in tomato sauce (upper left shoulder, not fatal). No amount of washing would remove the stain, but rather than throw away the shirt I cut out the Rogue motif and stretched it over a piece of hard-board. I now have a wall-mounted picture of the G.I. in action, measuring approx. 18" x 18", and I suggest this to other Earthlets as a good treatment for old or out-grown T-shirts. From Earthlet Cpl. Bill Ford, RAF Laarbruch. £5 Winner.

An excellent idea, Earth Corporal, but I think your £5 prize ought to be donated to The Ministry Of Defence for research into improving their air-to-T-shirt missiles.

STARE INTO THE J OF DREDD!

Borag Thungg, Tharg,

I have been receiving your thrill-powered comic since Prog 276, and I've realised that the 'J' in the *Judge Dredd* lettering contains a profile of the lawman himself! Please tell me if I am the first to observe this, and also if it appeared with Dredd's first story. From Earthlet John Hollis, Doncaster. £5 Winner.

Alas, you are not the first to notice this logo, which did indeed appear with Dredd's first story — but well spotted all the same.

SPREAD THE WORD!

Dear Tharg,

On a Friday afternoon at school we used to have a hobby afternoon, when everybody in our class brought in their hobbies or collections. When my turn came I took in 2000 AD ... I laid all my thrill-powered paraphernalia on some tables and gave a speech to the class explaining about the characters and stories in

the comic at the time. Even my teacher read a few progs!

From brilliant Earthlet Aubrey Greenshields, Tyne and Wear. £5 Winner.

I wholeheartedly approve of Terrans spreading the word about my zarjaz comic. You may consider yourself a true Squaxx dek Thargo — congratulations!

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Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories IN THIS PROG on the coupon and enclose it with your entry.

1.....

2.....

3.....

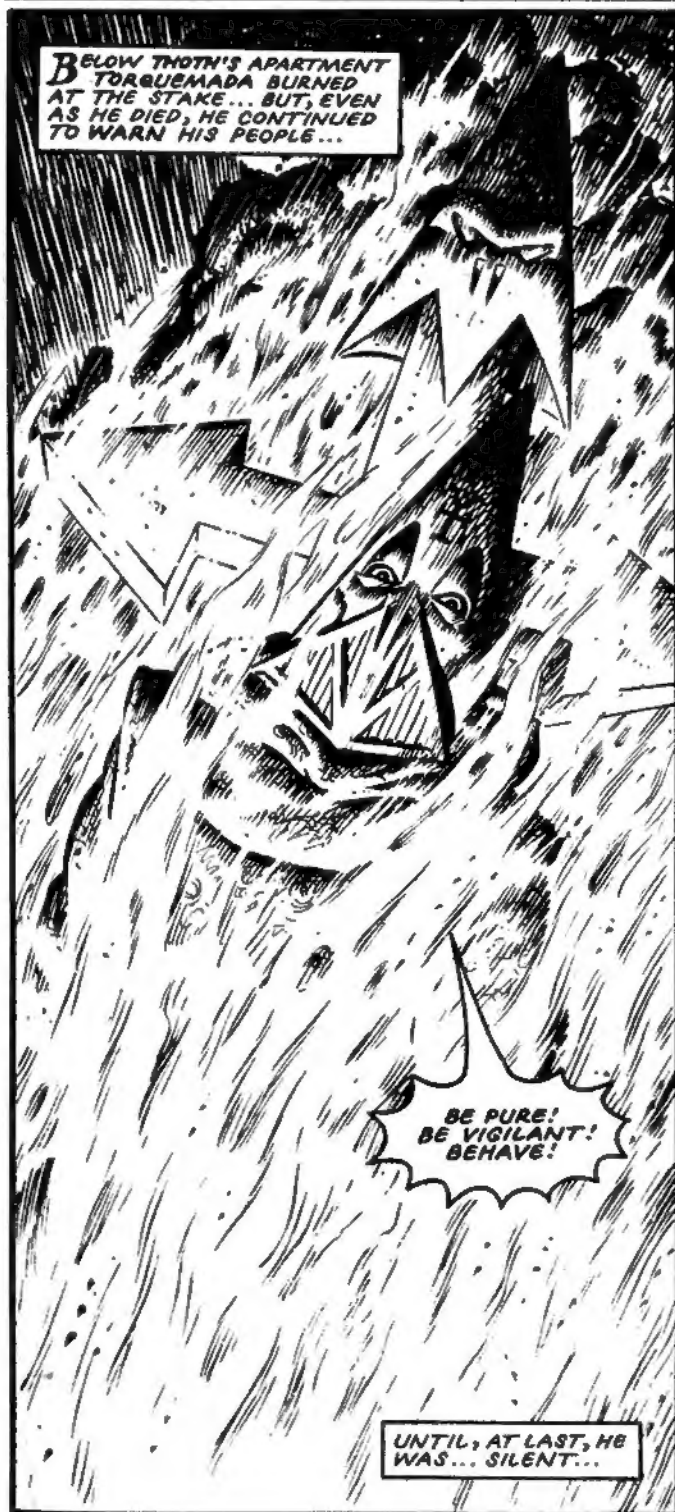
I Dislike:.....

My Age Is..... 437

AMESIS **THE WARLOCK**

BOOK FIVE

2000AD
 Credit Card:
 SCRIPT ROBOT
 PAT MILLS
 ART ROBOT
 BRYAN TALBOT
 LETTERING ROBOT
 STEVE POTTER
 COMPU-73E



THE GRAND MASTER
WOULD NOT DIE
ONCE...



BUT AGAIN...



AND AGAIN...



AND AGAIN...



AND AGAIN...



AND AGAIN...



AND AGAIN...



AND AGAIN...



AND AGAIN...



THOTH AND SATANUS
LOOKED ON. THOTH HAD PUT
THE GRAND MASTER IN A
TIME-LOOP... SO HE WOULD
BURN FOR EVER AND EVER
AND EVER FOR MURDERING
HIS MOTHER.



SATANUS GROWLED
HUNGRIPLY...
TORGUEMADA'S
SCREAMS WERE
GIVING HIM AN
APPETITE...

THOTH THREW HIS
PET A TIT-BIT
FROM ANOTHER
TIME ZONE...



WHAT THE
DROKK?

ONE DAY IT WAS
A ROMAN
CENTURION...
ANOTHER, THE
GENTLEMAN
FROM DOWN-
STAIRS. TODAY
— A MEGA-CITY
JUDGE.

NORMALLY, SATANUS
WOULD KILL HIS
VICTIMS OUTRIGHT
(IF THEY DIDN'T DIE
OF SHOCK)...



BUT THIS TIME HE PLAYED
WITH HIS FOOD...

BECAUSE THE UNIFORM REMINDED
HIM OF JUDGE DREDD...

TO THE TYRANNOSAUR,
THIS WAS HIS OLD ENEMY
FROM THE CURSED EARTH...

IT WAS SOME TIME
BEFORE THE JUDGE
DIED...

THOTH TURNED HIS
ATTENTION TO
ANOTHER MATTER...

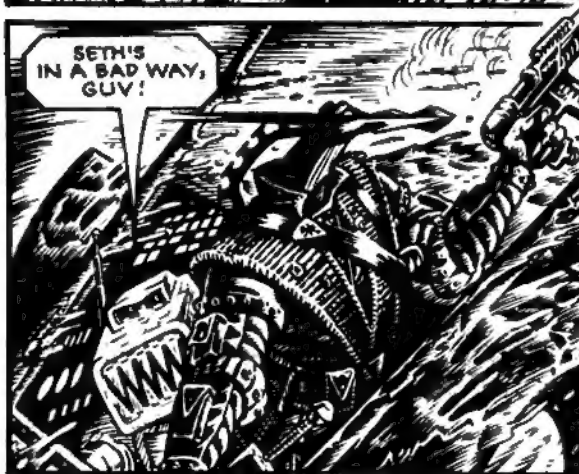
TO MAKING HIS
FATHER SUFFER
FOR DESERTING
HIM...

AT THAT MOMENT,
NEMESIS AND PURITY
WERE HEADING DOWN
THE WHITE-HOLE
BYPASS TO TERMIGHT
...USING THE HEAVY
TRAFFIC AS COVER...

SO IT LOOKS
LIKE MAGNA
WAS RESPONSIBLE
FOR GROBBENDONK'S
DISAPPEARANCE,
GUV?

I'M
AFRAID SO,
RO-JAWS.





MORE TUBE POLICE — INCLUDING ELITE TRAFFIC COMMANDOS — MOVE IN...



NEXT
PROB

TRAFFIC WARS!

YOUR FUTURE AWAITS YOU...

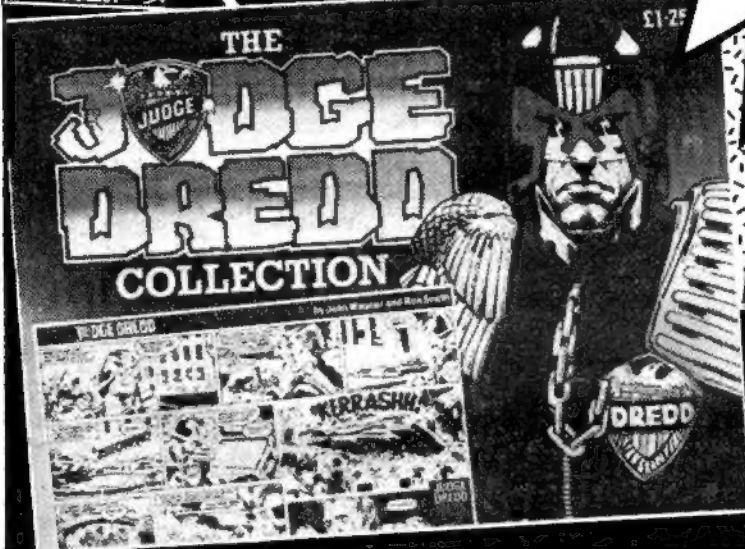
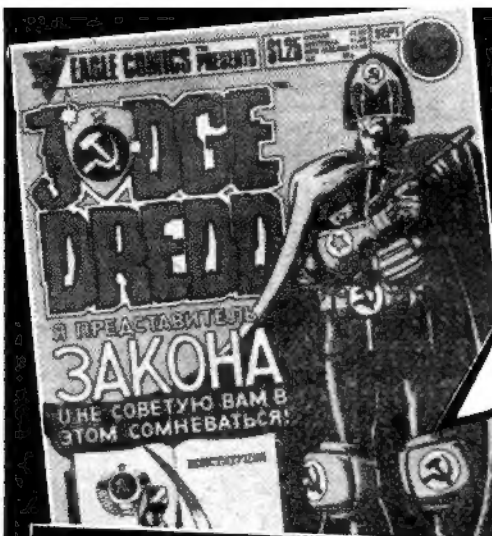
ON PATROL IN MEGA-CITY ONE—
BRINGING THE LAW TO THE
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THE FUTURE IN CIRCUIT-
SHATTERING ADVENTURES
FROM THE PAST! 65p

WHEN THE GOING GETS
ROUGHER, THE LAW GETS
TOUGHER! THE PICK OF
THE STRIPS FROM THE
DAILY STAR! £1.25

ALL 3 MEGA-MAGS AT A THRILL-AGENT
IN YOUR SECTOR—*NOW!*

THEY'RE OUT OF THIS WORLD!



020-1062200 0-2000-0000-0000

MEAN TEAM

IN THE ANNALS OF THE SPORT OF DEATH-BOWL, NO NAMES STAND HIGHER THAN THE ALL-GALAXY CHAMPIONS OF 2882-2886, THE MEAN TEAM - AND THEIR CAPTAIN **BAD JACK KELLER**, WHO SET AN INDIVIDUAL KILL-POINT TOTAL THAT WOULD NEVER BE EQUALLED.

THIS IS THEIR STORY - AND THE STORY OF THE CRUEL TWIST OF FATE WHICH LED THEM TO BE **BRANDED OUTLAWS...** AND TOOK THEM BACK TO BATTLE THE **SATANIC FORCES** THAT RULED THE LONG-ABANDONED DESOLATION OF **PLANET EARTH.**



2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT: ROBERT
"THE BEAST"
ART: ROBERT
BELARDINELLI
LETTERING: ROBERT
TOM FRAME
COMPU-73e

BAD JACK KELLER.

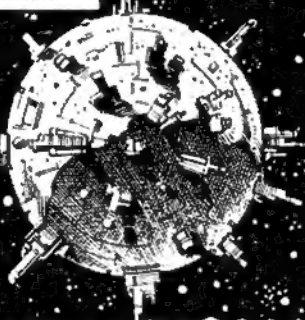
HENRY MOON.

AMOK.

STEELGRIP.

IN A GALAXY CRYING OUT FOR NEW THRILLS, THE ART OF **DEATH-BOWL** HAS STOOD THE TEST OF TIME. FOR OVER 400 YEARS IT HAS REMAINED THE NUMBER 1 SPECTATOR SPORT.

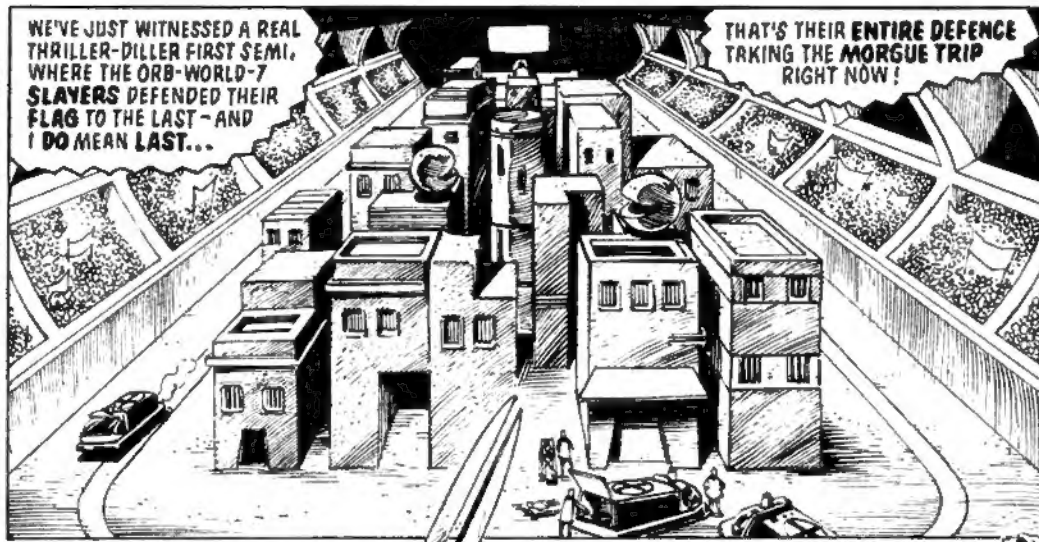
NOW, BY THE YEAR 2886, ITS ALL-ACTION SPECTACLE IS BEING BROADCAST TO 600 WORLDS - AND ITS HEROES ARE ACCLAIMED BY TRILLIONS -



...AND IF YOU'RE JUST JOINING US, WELCOME TO THE KILLPIT HERE ON **ARTIFICON MAJOR**, WHERE THE SEMI-FINALS OF THE **GALACTIC DEATH-BOWL CHAMPIONSHIPS** ARE TAKING PLACE!

WE'VE JUST WITNESSED A REAL THRILLER-DILLER FIRST SEMI, WHERE THE **ORB-WORLD-7 SLAYERS** DEFENDED THEIR FLAG TO THE LAST - AND I DO MEAN LAST...

THAT'S THEIR ENTIRE DEFENCE TAKING THE **MORGUE TRIP** RIGHT NOW!



SO THE **BLACK SWAMP DRAGONS** UP THERE BEHIND ME ARE THE FIRST TO STAKE THEIR PLACE IN THIS YEAR'S **DEATH-BOWL FINAL!**

AND WHO WILL THEY MEET? LET'S FIND OUT NOW, AS THE TEAMS COME OUT FOR THIS SECOND SEMI!



FIRST INTO THE PIT ARE THE **ASSASSINS FROM GOR**, LED OUT BY CAPTAIN **SLIGO GRIMM**. IT'S WORTH NOTING THE ASSASSINS HAVE SET UP A KILL RATIO OF 2:9 TO REACH THIS STAGE - THAT'S **HEAVY-DUTY PLAY!**



BUT THE GROUND ERUPTS AS **BAD JACK KELLER** BRINGS OUT HIS FOUR-TIME **GALACTIC CHAMPIONS - THE MEAN TEAM!**

**MEAN TEAM!
MEAN TEAM!
MEAN TEAM!
MEAN TEAM!**

THE FANS JUST LOVE THEM! AND DO YOU WONDER? THESE BOYS HAVE TOPPED THE KILL/MAIM TABLES FOR THE PAST FOUR SEASONS!

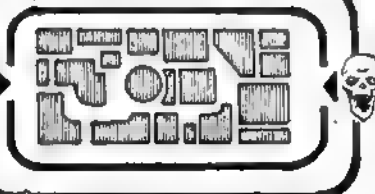


WHILE THE TEAMS TAKE UP THEIR ENDS, LET ME QUICKLY EXPLAIN THE RULES - FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO'VE BEEN ASLEEP THE PAST 400 YEARS!



THE GAME WILL END WHEN ONE TEAM CAPTURES THE OTHER'S FLAG. THE TEAM WITH THE MOST POINTS AT THAT TIME WILL BE JUDGED THE WINNER!

POINTS ARE AWARDED THUS -



DOUBLE POINTS, OF COURSE, WHEN ANY OF THESE RESULT FROM HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT!

MAIM - 1
CAPTURE - 1
KILL - 5
FLAG - 10

WELL, DOWN IN THE PIT I CAN SEE MEAN TEAM OWNER RICHMAN VON. WITH THE TEAM MASCOT. THAT'S A GENUINE PANTHER CREATED FROM THE GENE BANKS ON KENTUCKY-2!



QUICK, CLEAN CAPTURE, KELLER - STRAIGHT FOR THEIR FLAG. NO RISKS. I WANT US IN THAT FINAL!

YOU WANT TO DO THE FIGHTING. BE MY GUEST. OTHERWISE, LEAVE THE TACTICS TO ME... SIR.

YOU WATCH YOUR LIP, KELLER! YOU MAY BE A STAR, BUT YOU'RE NOT TOO BIG TO BE BROUGHT DOWN!

NEVER FORGET - I OWN YOU!



NOT FOR MUCH LONGER!



THE GAME BEGINS.
BAD JACK KELLER
RAPS OUT HIS
ORDERS -

STEELGRIP -
HAMMER -
BILK -
GET LOST!

THE ROBOT FLAGMAN FINDS A
PLACE OF CONCEALMENT AND
SETTLES IN. IF THE ASSASSINS GET
THROUGH THE DEFENSIVE SCREEN,
BAD JACK KNOWS HE CAN RELY ON
HIM.

NEARBY, BILK AND HAMMER SET THEIR
SIX PERMITTED BOOBY-TRAPS...

IT IS THREE YEARS SINCE
STEELGRIP LOST A FLAG.

THEN THEMSELVES FIND
VANTAGE POINTS FROM
WHICH TO PICK OFF ANY
ASSASSIN THRUST.

WELL, BAD JACK'S KEEPING
HENRY MOON, THE MEAN TEAM
SENSEI, REINED IN. LOOKS LIKE
THEY'RE TRYING TO LOCATE THE
ASSASSINS' ATTACK, AND TAKE
MAXIMUM KILL-POINTS!

THAT'S NO MORE THAN WE'VE COME TO EXPECT
FROM THE PHENOMENON OF DEATH-BOWL, BAD
JACK KELLER! HIS KILL-POINT TOTAL IS ALREADY
MORE THAN DOUBLE THAT OF THE PREVIOUS
RECORD HOLDER, SAVAGE CLEAVER - AND NOW
STANDS ONLY 90 SHORT OF AN AMAZING
5,000 KILL-POINTS!

THEY FIND THE
ENEMY - AND
FALL ON THEM
LIKE WOLVES -

FEW ENTER DEATH-BOWL VOLUNTARILY.
FOR ONCE IN, THERE IS NO WAY OUT —
SAVE DEATH!

AMOK, THE BEESTER,
CAPTURED IN THE THIRD ORB
WAR, SOLD INTO THE PIT TO
FIGHT WARS FOR THE
ENTERTAINMENT OF THE
MASSES —



MUNGO, THE CRIMINAL, WHO CHOSE TO
TAKE HIS CHANCES IN THE DEATH-BOWL
RATHER THAN FACE THE EXECUTIONER'S
NEEDLE —

FIVE DOWN,
TWO TO GO.

SEEK 'EM OUT,
HENRY!



**HENRY MOON, THE EXCEPTION —
THE VOLUNTEER.**

**CRIPPLED BY HIS WIVES' ALIMONY DEMANDS,
HE HAD SOLD HIMSELF AND HIS PSI-SENSE
INTO THE PIT — IN RETURN FOR TWO LUMP-SUM
PAYMENTS AND A TRUST FUND FOR EACH OF
HIS CHILDREN...**

**A DECISION HE HAD REGRETTED MANY
TIMES SINCE.**

GETTIN' A TINGLE, JACK...

**THE END BUILDING —
THEY'RE IN THERE!**

**TRY TO LOCATE
THE BOOBY-TRAPS.**

**NO NEED. THEY'RE
COMING OUT!**

**TWO OF US CAN'T TAKE
ON THE MEAN TEAM!
WE SURRENDER!**

**NO SURRENDER! DRAW YOUR
BLADES AND FIGHT!**

B-B-BU—

I SAID FIGHT!

GO FOR HIM!

**BAD JACK
KELLER
FIGHTS
RUTHLESSLY,
WITHOUT
MERCY —**

STOLEN AS A BOY FROM PLANET EARTH, TRAINED IN THE BRUTAL SECRETS OF THE PIT SCHOOL, HE KNOWS NO OTHER WAY —

THAT'S ANOTHER 40 KILL-POINTS TO BAD JACK KELLER! THE MEAN TEAM ARE THROUGH TO THE FINAL...

...AND THE CROWD HERE IS GOING CRAZY!

YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO DO IT, BAD JACK. THEY'D SURRENDERED.

WHAT IS IT WITH YOU? WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT ABOUT YOUR PRECIOUS POINTS? THEY DON'T MATTER A DAMN TO US!



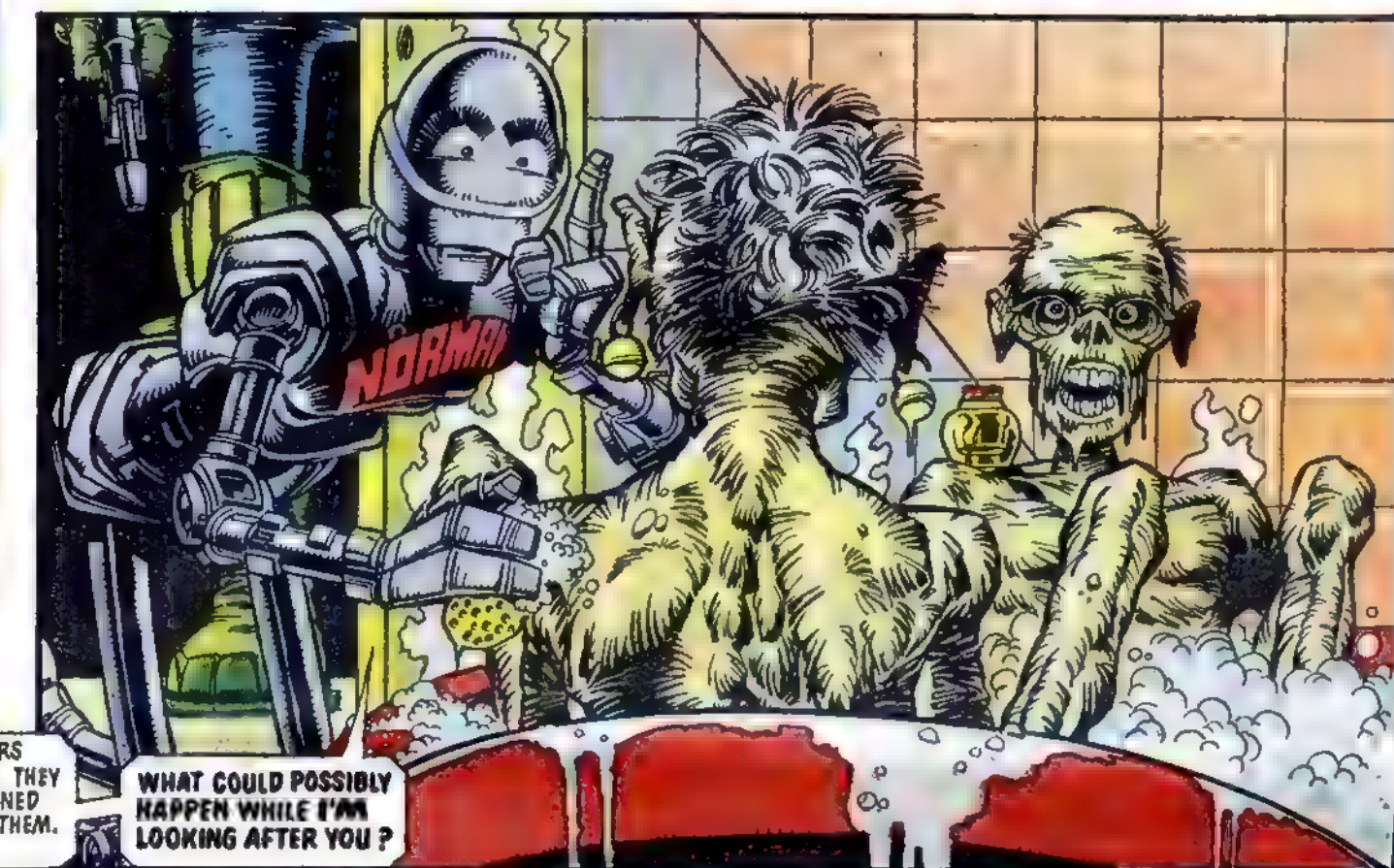
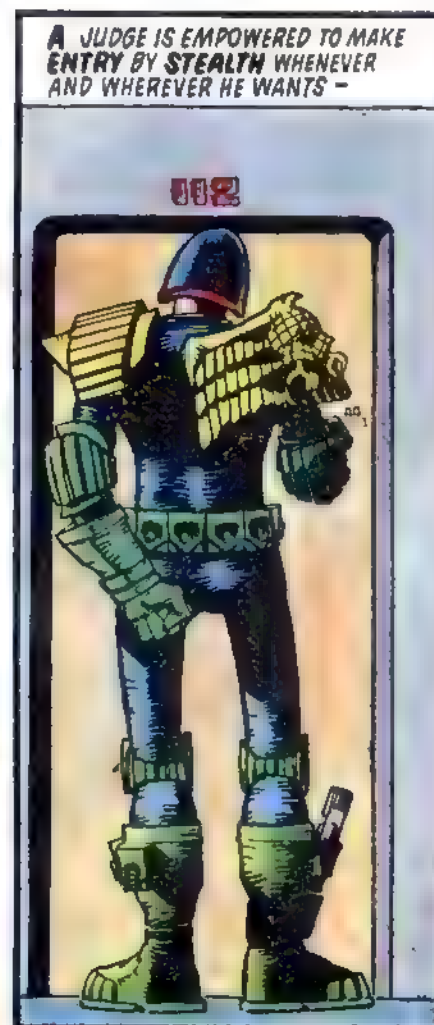
THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, HENRY. YOU'LL FIND OUT BEFORE TOO LONG.

NOW PICK UP THE FLAG AND LET'S HIT THE SHOWERS!

OH HELL...



NEXT PROG: THE SKULL OF THE PANTHER!





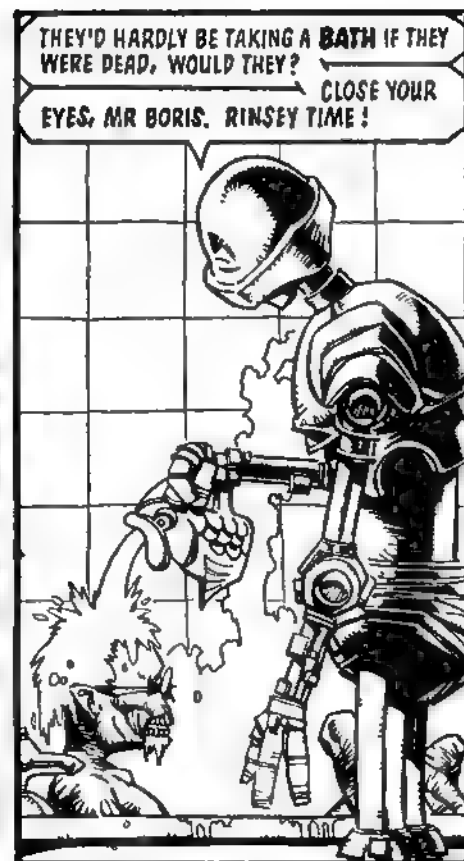
BACK OFF, ROBOT.

JUDGE DREDD!
GOOD HEAVENS -
WHAT'S WRONG?



THE TWO BEAUTIES IN THE
BATH. THEY'RE DEAD -
OR HADN'T YOU
NOTICED?

MR BORIS AND
MISS DORIS?
DON'T BE
RIDICULOUS!

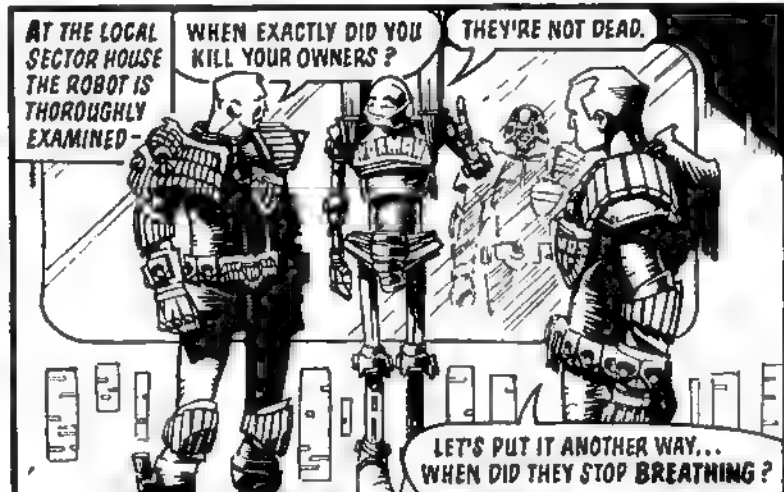


THEY'D HARDLY BE TAKING A BATH IF THEY
WERE DEAD, WOULD THEY?

CLOSE YOUR
EYES, MR BORIS. RINSEY TIME!



DREDD TO CONTROL!
ALERT ROBOTICS -
I'M BRINGING IN
A GRADE ONE
DEFECTIVE.

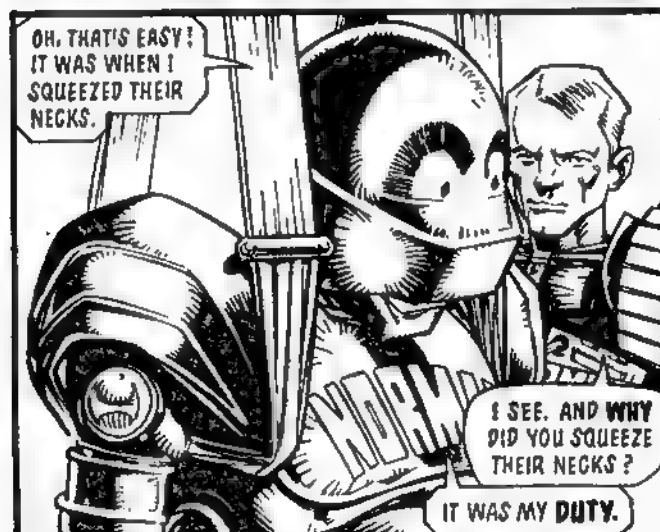


AT THE LOCAL
SECTOR HOUSE
THE ROBOT IS
THOROUGHLY
EXAMINED -

WHEN EXACTLY DID YOU
KILL YOUR OWNERS?

THEY'RE NOT DEAD.

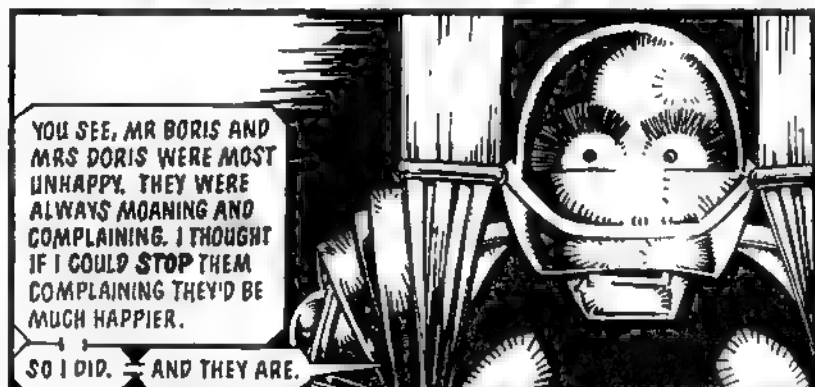
LET'S PUT IT ANOTHER WAY...
WHEN DID THEY STOP BREATHING?



OH, THAT'S EASY!
IT WAS WHEN I
SQUEEZED THEIR
NECKS.

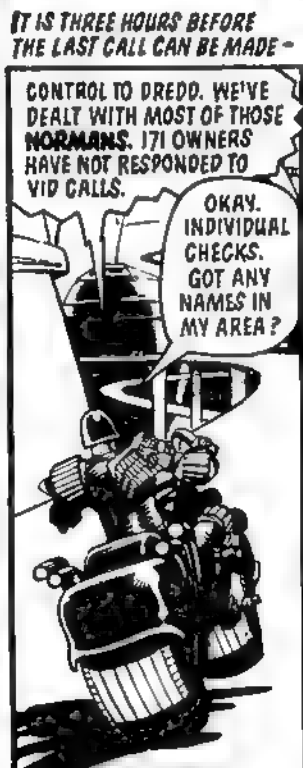
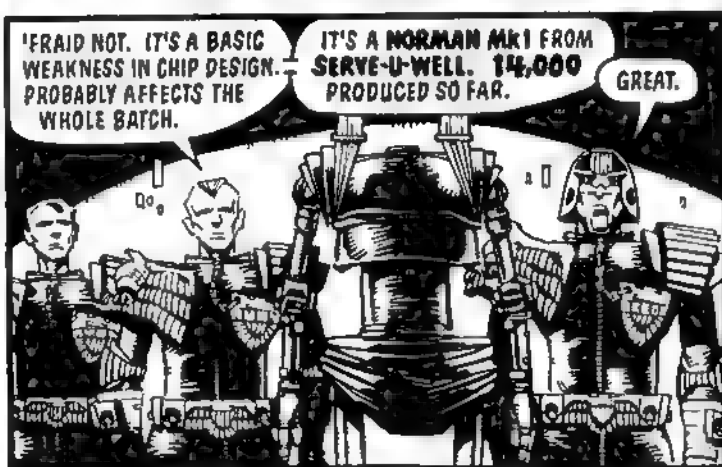
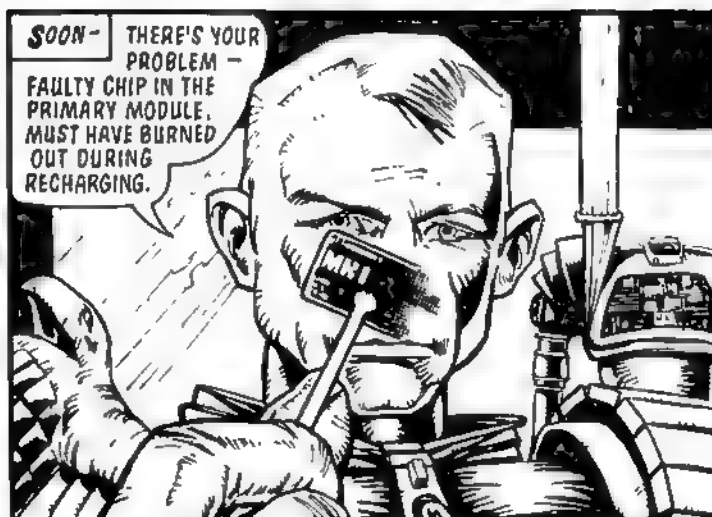
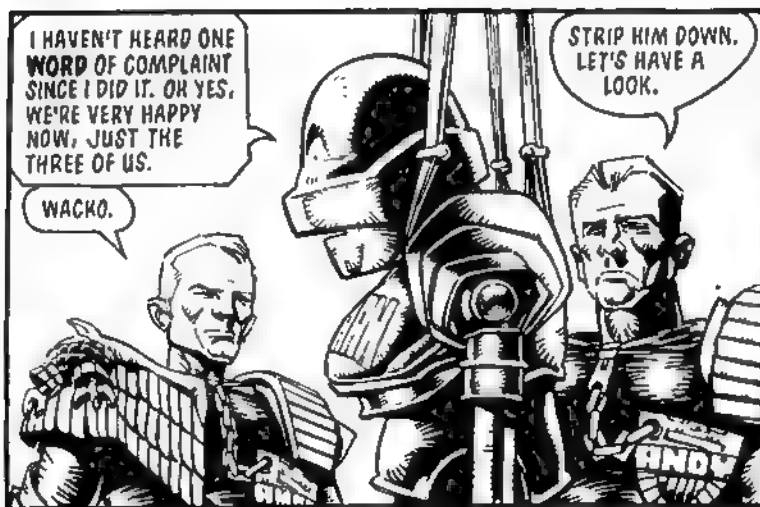
I SEE. AND WHY
DID YOU SQUEEZE
THEIR NECKS?

IT WAS MY DUTY.



YOU SEE, MR BORIS AND
MRS DORIS WERE MOST
UNHAPPY. THEY WERE
ALWAYS MOANING AND
COMPLAINING. I THOUGHT
IF I COULD STOP THEM
COMPLAINING THEY'D BE
MUCH HAPPIER.

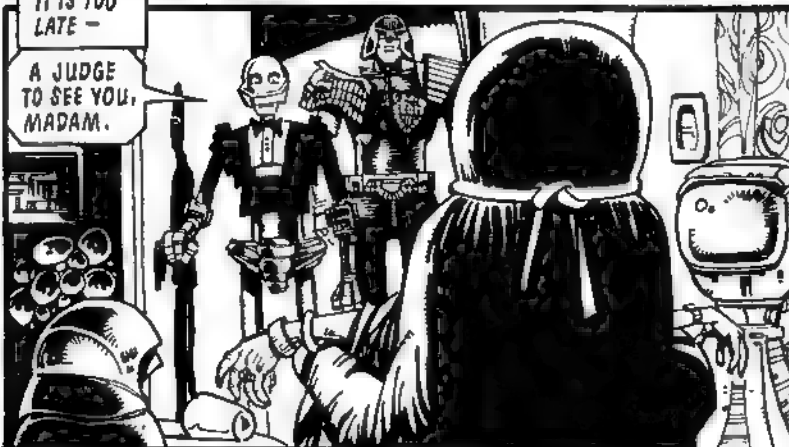
SO I DID. - AND THEY ARE.



FOR MOST OF THE 171, THE
WARNING COMES.
THANKFULLY,
IN TIME -

FOR SOME
IT IS TOO
LATE -

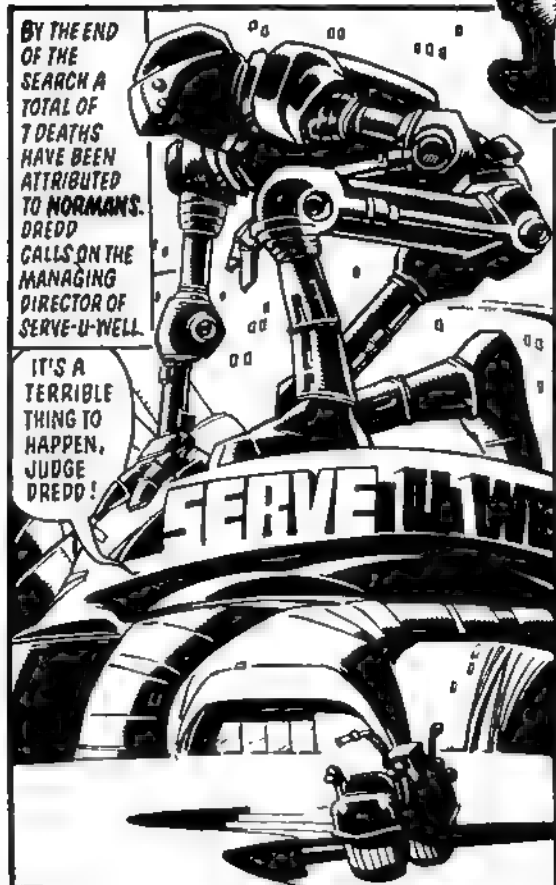
A JUDGE
TO SEE YOU,
MADAM.



DON'T BOTHER
ABOUT THE DOOR.
MR SPIRO. WE
DON'T WANT ANY
VISITORS JUST
NOW.

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
WITH THAT
GUN,
NORMAN?





NEXT PROG: THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH!



THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

THE
WAR
WITH THE
SLOBB!



EARTH, 2008: THE 25TH WEEK OF THE SLOBB INVASION...AND EARTH TROOPS MOUNT A SURPRISE ATTACK ON SLOBB LINES...



BUT AS THE EARTH FORCES PUSH FORWARD, THE BATTLE TAKES AN UNEXPECTED TURN...



2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
P. MILLIGAN
ART ROBOT
B. KITSON
LETTERING ROBOT
G. ROBSON
COMPU-73e



AND AT EARTH H.Q., FIELD MARSHAL CLIFF CONDUCTS YET ANOTHER POST MORTEM...

SLOBB KNEW EXACTLY WHERE AND WHEN WE WERE GONNA HIT 'EM

WE'VE A TRAITOR IN OUR RANKS... SOME TURNCOAT IS FEEDING THEM OUR BATTLE PLANS!

AND UNLESS WE CATCH HIM—AND WIN THE NEXT BATTLE—EARTH WILL BE LOST!

THE WAY I SEE IT, WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO CATCH THE TRAITOR—SO I SUGGEST WE BEAT SLOBB AT THEIR OWN GAME...

BY USING A SLOBB LOYAL TO US WHO'LL FEED THEM FALSE INFORMATION.

ANY SUGGESTIONS?

AN' HOW DO WE DO THAT?

THERE AIN'T A SLOBB ALIVE WHO'LL DOUBLE-CROSS HIS OWN PEOPLE!

EXACTLY! WHICH IS WHY I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE THE HEAD OF MY RESEARCH DEPARTMENT...

PROFESSOR ARNOLD BEAK.

BEAK SPEAKS...

TO GET STRAIGHT TO THE POINT, I HAVE CREATED A MOLECULAR REMOULDING MACHINE THAT CAN TRANSFORM A HUMAN BODY INTO THAT OF A SLOBB...

THE PROCESS IS FAST AND FOOL-PROOF!

SPLENDID! OUR PHONEY-SLOBB CAN FEED THEM FAKE BATTLE PLANS—THIS'LL WIN US THE WAR!

ONE PROBLEM, SIR... I HAVE YET TO PERFECT THE REVERSAL PROCESS...

I CAN TURN A HUMAN INTO A SLOBB, BUT IT MIGHT BE YEARS BEFORE I'M ABLE TO TURN HIM BACK INTO A HUMAN!

TOUGH!

HAVE WE ANYONE EXPENDABLE WHO CAN CARRY OUT THIS ASSIGNMENT?

THERE'S A CHAP IN INTELLIGENCE — DIDN'T GO TO ANY OF THE PROPER SCHOOLS... CAN'T EVEN PLAY A DECENT HAND OF MEGA-BRIDGE!



"FELLOW BY THE NAME OF..."

CAPTAIN HYDE!



DELIGHTED TO MEET YOU! GENERAL McCALL SAYS YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN HE'D TRUST TO DO THIS JOB...

FIELD MARSHAL, YOU FORGOT TO TELL HIM ABOUT THE UNPERFECTED REVERSAL PROCESS...

HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT HE MIGHT BE STUCK WITH A HORRID SLOBB-BODY FOR YEARS!

THE OPERATION'S QUITE SIMPLE. WE JUST WANT YOU TO SLIP ACROSS SLOBB LINES, FEED THEM THE BOGUS INFO...



AND RETURN TO A HERO'S WELCOME!

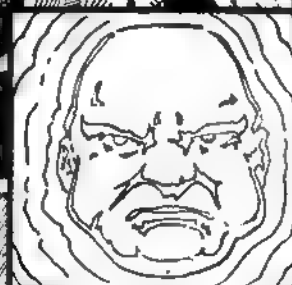
CAPTAIN HYDE IS PLACED IN THE MOLECULAR REMOULDING MACHINE...



DIDN'T I MENTION THAT, BEAK?



MUST HAVE SLIPPED MY MIND!



HYDE IS QUICKLY SHUNTED ACROSS ENEMY LINES...

I'VE ESCAPED FROM THE EARTH-MEN...

SOON, THE PHONEY-SLOBB IS BRIEFED FOR HIS VITAL MISSION...



WE PLAN TO THROW OUR FORCES INTO SECTORS 9 AND 10...

SO WE WANT YOU TO TELL 'EM OUR PLANS ARE TO ATTACK HERE — AT A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT BATTLE-SECTOR! GOT THAT?



AND I KNOW ALL ABOUT THEIR BATTLE PLANS!



Sam C Slade

ROBO HUNTER

IT'D BEEN 50 YEARS SINCE
I'D BEEN IN NEW YORK. IN
THAT TIME, A WHOLE NEW
GENERATION OF HOODS
HAD TAKEN OVER - MEN I
KNEW NOTHING ABOUT...

THRILLZ
ALLNITE

MEN LIKE
HARLEM
GRITS.

HARLEM GRITS'
CASINO

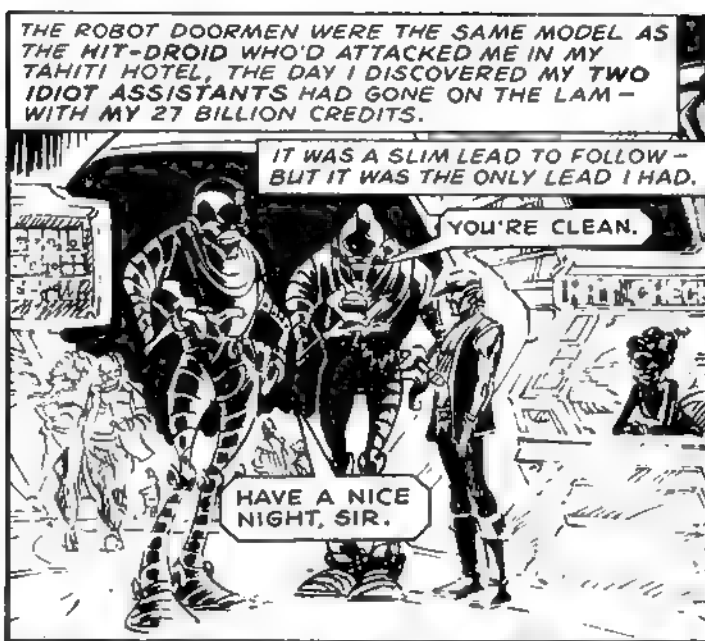
2000AD
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
GRANT/GROVER
ART ROBOT
IAN & BSON
LETTERING ROBOT
STARKINGS

COMPU 73c



BUT THE WAY I FIGURED IT, A HOOD IS A HOOD IS A HOOD. I COULD TAKE 'EM THEN - I CAN TAKE 'EM NOW!



THE ROBOT DOORMEN WERE THE SAME MODEL AS THE HIT-DROID WHO'D ATTACKED ME IN MY TAHITI HOTEL, THE DAY I DISCOVERED MY TWO IDIOT ASSISTANTS HAD GONE ON THE LAM - WITH MY 27 BILLION CREDITS.

IT WAS A SLIM LEAD TO FOLLOW - BUT IT WAS THE ONLY LEAD I HAD.

YOU'RE CLEAN.

HAVE A NICE NIGHT, SIR.



GIVE ME A SPIN, SIR? COULD BE LUCKY!



HERE WE GO! REELLY SPINNING! ROUND AND ROUND!

COULD BE LUCKY!

BEAT IT.



OH, GO ON, SIR! JUST ONE SPIN! COULD BE LUCKY!

I SAID SCRAM!

IT MAY HAVE BEEN 50 YEARS, BUT THE CASINOS HADN'T CHANGED. THE ONE-ARMED BANDITS WERE JUST AS PERSISTENT.



CASINO

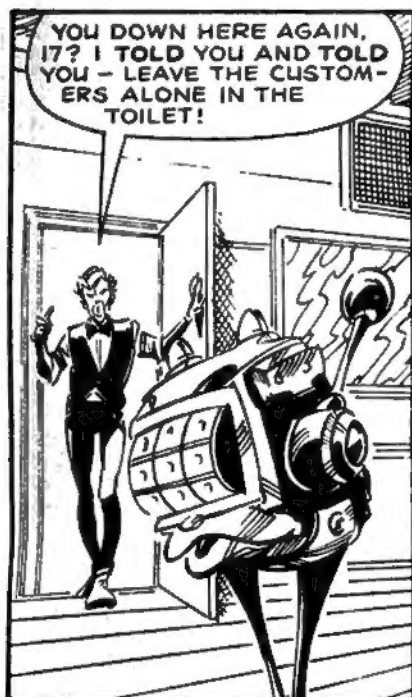
IT DIDN'T TAKE ME LONG TO PICK OUT HARLEM GRITS - HE WAS AT THE BEST TABLE, SURROUNDED BY A TON OF METAL MUSCLE. TALK ABOUT SUPERCOOL! THIS GUY WAS SO SMOOTH YOU COULD SPREAD HIM ON BREAD!

LIVINGSTONE SMITH STILL OWES YOU TWENNY GEES, MR GRITS.

PROB'LY SLIPPED THE DUDE'S MIND. SEND TYRONE ROUND IN THE MORNING TO JOG HIS MEM'RY -

BROKEN LEG OUGHTA BE ENOUGH.





**YOU DOWN HERE AGAIN,
17? I TOLD YOU AND TOLD
YOU - LEAVE THE CUSTOM-
ERS ALONE IN THE
TOILET!**



HEY - THERE
AIN'T NO
CUSTOMERS!
THAT 17'S
GETTING
WORSE!



IT WAS 4 a.m. BEFORE THE MUSIC FINALLY STOPPED AND THE LIGHTS WENT OUT IN THE TOILETS —



**I GAVE IT AN
EXTRA HALF
HOUR TO BE
SURE —**



THERE WERE
TWO HEAVIES
ON GUARD
OUTSIDE WHAT
I TOOK TO BE
GRITS'
APARTMENT
DOOR —



NICE AND QUIET
NOW. MAXIMUM
INTENSITY
BEAM —



PTIP!

MY AIM HADN'T GOT ANY WORSE.
TWO PINPOINT BLASTS BURNED
CLEAN THROUGH THEIR POWER
UNITS AND TURNED THEM INTO
SO MUCH JUNK —

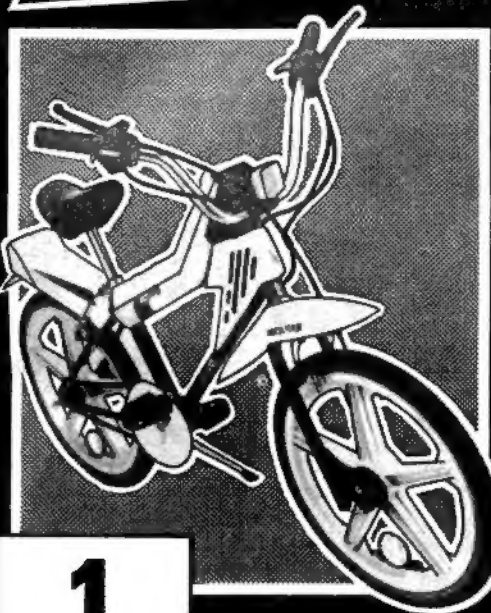


I'M FRESH OUTTA
FRAGRANT OILS,
HONEYBUNCH!

HOW DOES THE
SWEET SMELL OF
FRIED GRITS
GRAB YA?

NEXT:
PROG

TRUE GRITS!

RALEIGH
VEKTAR
ELECTRONIC
BIKE
FREEBIE

The new Raleigh Vektar Electronic is tomorrow's bike today! It is equipped with an electronic console which features a computer module, a radio and a sound module!

The Mighty Tharg has THREE of these computerised bikes to give away (one each in Progs 437-8-9) plus five medium size T-shirts!

All you have to do is cut out the token on this page, attach it to a postcard or sealed-down envelope and send to the Nerve Centre address. Be sure to mark your card or envelope "RALEIGH BIKE FREEBIE".

1
TOKEN

The sender of the first entry drawn from Tharg's Betelgeusian Hat on 7th October will receive the bike. The senders of the next five entries picked out will receive a T-shirt each!

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NEXT PROG
HENRY MOON GETS AHEAD...

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THE CURSED EARTH: PROGS 61-85

THE HISTORY
OF JUSTICE



BOLLAND